Come hether friend, tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *France* is so suddenly gone backe,
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his comming foorth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdom, so much feare and danger that his personall returne was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behinde him, Generall?

Gent. The Marshall of *France*, Mounsieur *la Far.*

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queene to any demonstration of griefe?

Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it seemd she was a Queene ore her passion,
Who most rebell-like, sought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and sorrow streme,
Who should expresse her goodliest, you haue seene
Sun-shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way, those happy smilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, seeme not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from Diamonds dropt; in briefe,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloued,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question?

Gent. Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father
Pantingly foorth, as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters;
Kent. Father, sisters, what ith storme ith night?
Let pitty not be beleeu'd, there she shooke
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moistened her, then away she started,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent, It is the stars, the stars aboue vs gouern our conditions,

Else

Else one selfe mate and mat
Such different issues; you sp

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well sir, the poore
Who sometime in his bette
What we are come about, a
daughter.

Gent. Why good sir?

Kent. A soueraigne shame
That stript her from his ben
To forraine casualties, gaue
To his dog-hearted daught
So venomously, that burnin

Gent. Alacke poore Gentl

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cor*

Gent. Tis so they are afoo

Kent. Well sir, ile bring yo
And leaue you to attend hi
VVill in concealement wra
VVhen I am knowne aright
Lending me this acquaintan

Enter Cordelia,

Cor. Alacke tis he, why he
As mad as the vent sea, sing
Crownd with ranke femite
VVith hor-docks, hemlock
Darnell and all the idle wee
In our sustaining, Corne, a
Search euery acre in the hig
And bring him to our eye,
In the restoring his bereaue
Take all my outward worth

Doct. There is meanes Ma
Our foster nurse of nature is

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